

INTEGRITY



THIS ISSUE
CHANNELS OF GRACE

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EDITORIAL



OVERTY of spirit is the antidote for the spiritual poverty of our age. And spiritual poverty is our disease, not material poverty. Or rather only material poverty as a consequence of a dying spirit. Even in the so-called underdeveloped countries of the near and far East, where economic and social life stagnates, it is an infusion of spirit that is needed far more than an introduction of technological equipment and know-how.

Quietly and modestly—almost unnoticed amid the clamor of propaganda and under the superstructure of giant organizations, poverty of spirit is expressing and radiating itself.

Most of the articles in this issue describe gropings and beginnings in this order. Although very different from each other they share certain characteristics. For one thing they do not have concrete, practical, measurable programs in the temporal order. They are not going to wipe out poverty, solve the Negro problem, restore family life or convert all the non-Catholics in the parish. They work toward all these things, but by opening up channels so that God's grace can work on the situation, in His own and partially mysterious way, rather than by depending on their own zeal or intelligence.

These beginnings are like seeds, small but powerful. It is always the little group, large enough to be like a family, few enough to fade into the environment. But deep—contemplative and sacramental—so that the roots may reach the waters of grace.

Our Lord, speaking to Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity, said "Listen, you must not attach great importance to natural activity. *Without Me you can do nothing.* It is easy to make a stir, to work in a visible, outward manner; it is very difficult to renounce oneself and to let Me work. And yet that is the only fruitful activity, which lasts throughout eternity."

THE EDITOR

Everything Depends on the Priest*

Good priests, thank God, are legion in France. Pious, regular in their ministry, faithful to their duties, devoted to their parish activities, they certainly deserve the esteem generally accorded them. Why, then, is their influence so limited? Why do the parishes over which they preside appear lifeless, static, dormant as is unfortunately so often the case? Could it be that the priestly virtues have, in view of the needs of our times, been imperfectly grasped or incorrectly reduced to practice?

Try asking Catholic Action leaders, or, without asking them, keep your ears open for what they have to say. Learn to pay attention to the remarks of those who do not go to church. There are some, of course, who have an ax to grind, and there is no need to bother with them; but the rest, what do they say? What do they look for and expect in a priest? Only the virtues a priest ought to have. What do they complain of? Only that we are not sufficiently priests! They have a very high and splendid ideal for us, but one which is truly the ideal of the priesthood. They do not expect us to be artists or scholars or administrators or businessmen or specialists. In the final analysis, they ask nothing from us that is foreign to our mission. Even the intellectuals do not expect us to dazzle them with our erudition or to be clever at juggling with theories. They ask us only to give them some solid food, because they want to avoid malnutrition if they can.

The Kind of Priest They Go To

The laboring man will not necessarily give his trust to the priest who affects the ways of the working class. He will perhaps think the priest a good fellow; but unless he senses something more than that in him, it is not to that priest he will go when in real need of help, but to another, to one whom he feels to be a man of God. The case is no different with the professional man. He will be glad to invite to his table a "distinguished" priest, whose fine manners, polished conversation, and literary culture will charm his family and his guests; but when he runs into troubles of conscience or family difficulties, it is to a true priest that he will go for help, even though the true priest may lack all these attractive qualities.

We ourselves know of a parish in which the practicing Catholics are predominantly middle-class and in which the busiest

* From *The Missionary Spirit in Parish Life* (\$2.75), published by the Newman Press on January 26.

confessional is that of the assistant who is least middle-class. The "bourgeois" complain of his sermons, saying that he is a demagogue. The more refined people smile at his clumsy language. And the young ladies of the parish often make fun of the somewhat careless way he dresses. Yet at his confessional you see lines of young ladies and intellectuals and "bourgeois" as well as Jocists. When it comes to going to "the priest," people forget everything else.

What does everyone ask for? First of all: for apostolic priests, who do not look on visitors as a matter of indifference, much less as a bother; but rather as human beings, each of whom has a life all his own to live, and as children of God, to each of whom the Father desires to show His love.

"He Had Nothing to Say"

A young man has just died, killed in the Paris Resistance. His sister, who loved him dearly, has been brought up, like him, without religion. Yet in her distress she goes to visit a priest. She is not a totally unreligious person; on the contrary, she would like to hear something about that other world to which her brother has just gone. The priest gives her the titles of a few books—excellent ones, no doubt, for the purpose. But she goes away disillusioned, and will never come back. It is not a book she is looking for, but the living words of one who was touched by her suffering, the echo of Him who wept at the tomb of Lazarus.

And then a man, who is having a very hard time leading a Christian life and goes to confession in the hope of finding some help—what does he hear from the confessor? Only the nice little ready-made sermon which did service for the pious lady before him and will do for the child after him as well; but he receives nothing personal, nothing to make him think that the confessor even grasped what he told him. And in the end, he grows tired of it, for he feels that he is all alone; it will be four years before he has recourse to the sacraments again, and then only when a lay friend of his brings him to a priest who is happy to "lose" an hour with him.

A pastor sees a man enter his confessional just after leaving the confessional of the first assistant, and this is what the man tells him: "Father, I have just been to confession to your assistant, and here is something I want to tell you. It is forty years since I have been to confession, and he had nothing to say to me."

What Is Lacking

If these were isolated cases, we would not even mention them, any more than we shall mention the few unfortunate priests

who abandon their vocation. But the truth is that sad incidents such as these are happening every day. There is something missing. Call it the flaming zeal of an apostle or a kind of passion for souls; but whatever you call it, it is something that makes man act and look and speak in a way that sets him apart from the mere conscientious official who does his assigned task efficiently. There is lacking that freshness of outlook which enables us to be just as much struck by every case that comes our way as we were on the first day, just as much moved by the last secret entrusted to us as we were by the first. Yet it is just such a fresh outlook that we need, because the last soul we will be called upon to assist in our ministry and the last individual whose spiritual anguish is laid bare to us will be just as important as the first. To the man who comes to see us it makes no difference that others like him have preceded him. To him his case, his grief, his disquiet, his joy are altogether new and full of interest.

At a meeting held in England for the purpose of study and exchange of views, we recently had the opportunity to listen to laymen from twelve different countries express their opinions. On one point they all agreed: "We lack priests able to understand us and help us." And it was possible to read between the lines and glimpse a situation far more painful than their words expressed.

Our laymen also ask for priests who have eyes to see not only the real problems that exist in the parish but also those that concern the nation and the world. It is not, of course, revolutionaries or agitators that they want, but priests unshackled by routine, priests who will make the effort to discover the real work that has to be undertaken over and above what has always been done. The laity of whom we are here speaking are obviously those individuals who are deeply concerned for the spread of the gospel—not the old guard, whose one worry is fear of change, whether it be the time of the Mass or their seat in church. The former, whose concern for the spread of the gospel is so laudable, may well be scandalized when they hear a priest exclaim, "We've had enough reforms; give us some rest!" Péguy would answer, "The saints were not men of rest." The new forms of charity which Saint Vincent de Paul was incessantly inventing disturbed the rest of a great many people, and very often officials must have said to him, "That's enough; give us a chance to breathe!" Saint Vincent, however, with his even pace, which never outstripped Providence, continued to advance steadily; and every morning he looked on human misery with fresh eyes and tirelessly kept on creating new

remedies for it. It is men like that who extend the kingdom of God, men who know that "new wine is not to be put in old wine-skins," men who have not come to terms with things as they are.

Men With Hearts on Fire

Such an attitude calls for courage: not merely the courage required to emerge from ourselves and our way of doing things, but the courage to remake ourselves continually without becoming attached to what we have loved and accomplished; but also the courage to show others the way, to win others over and rouse them to action, to transform them into apostles, to bring them to accept—or better still, to discover for themselves—the new roads that have to be traveled. People expect us not to be timid. How many men of good will there are who, sometimes even without knowing it, would be eager to volunteer if they were only called upon! And how much bad will would melt away like snow in the sun if only the sun were hot enough—that is, if only the priest were an enthusiastic optimist radiating conviction and an infectious confidence in his cause!

The priest is expected to be filled with the charity of the Gospel, the charity which St. Paul says "spurs us on," and to which alone we can look to produce the qualities just mentioned: the missionary spirit, zeal for souls, the anxious desire to do better, the caring of the saints. People want to feel that the charity of Christ is in the heart of the priest; and they want the priest's words, both public and private, to be an expression of his love. The main thing is, not that we should be good publicity men, alert to every opportunity, but that we should be men with hearts on fire, men in whom the Spirit of Pentecost continues to live on. That is why the people expect us to be one heart and one soul, as the first apostles were. They look for us to be priests who love one another and understand one another, who live a community life, who carry on their apostolic work as one man.

More Than a Question of Externals

If so many Catholics no longer have a genuine Christian mentality, may not the reason be that they were often expected to conform outwardly when they had received no interior formation? External actions and practices were demanded of them, and they were required to use formulas; yet no one gave them the ideas and convictions which originally gave birth to the formulas. External deportment was so stressed that it acquired the status of a virtue. Only recently, in a certain parish young girls were refused absolution for having taken to wearing hats instead of *coiffes* and for riding bicycles. We admit children to baptism without having

had any conversation with their parents, without saying a single word to them; instead, we hurry as fast as we can through a sort of ceremony at the back of the church. When engaged couples come to arrange for a marriage, all we do is ask them how expensive a wedding they want and write down their answers to the pre-nuptial questionnaire (which, by the way, could provide us with an excellent missionary opening); then we require the young man to make a sacramental confession that will be a farce. We water down Christian obligations by agreeing to all sorts of compromise and concessions. Our demands are exacting only when it is a question of externals. And yet when the externals are those of our own priestly functions (celebration of Mass and administration of the sacraments), the faithful who attend see us show very little reverence! Unless they have a very deep faith, how can they fail to conclude that all this is a sham and that religion has no real basis at all? What other explanation is there for such a state of affairs but that the faith of priests is not strong enough to be infectious and their life not interior enough to make them emphasize chiefly the things of the interior? "We have too many administrators," Cardinal Suhard used to sigh, "too many administrators and not enough priests."

The Main Task: the Making of Good Priests

The main task, therefore, the one that has priority over all others, is the making of good priests. When we say this, we are not for a moment forgetting the indispensable role which belongs to laymen in the work of spreading the gospel. But the two problems are closely connected; and the problem of the formation of priests must obviously take precedence, for the priesthood of the laity will never have a chance to be exercised if the priesthood of the priests is not strong enough to give the other the impetus it must have. To form true priests and then to keep them up to the mark, to develop them and to make the fullest use of them—these are the principal tasks that confront us in our day.

What we ask of seminaries is this: a training devised and carried through with the idea of giving to Catholics—and non-Catholics—the apostles they need, not individualists accustomed to thinking and praying and working in isolation, but teammates animated by the need of holding together and exerting influence as leaders. It is priests with really priestly souls that are called for, priests so conscious of the demands of the missionary ideal, priests so eager to do all they can, that they will never be likely to use a canon of the Code as an excuse for taking it easy.

When the young priest, just out of the seminary, is beginning his life in the ministry, with what care should he not be surrounded, if he is to keep and develop the apostolic fire indispensable for fruitful missionary work! How sad it is to see him so often placed in situations that can rob him of all his life and all his enthusiasm! It is regrettable that there are still only a few dioceses where this problem can be easily dealt with. We all know too well how the shortage of priests and the difficulty of filling vacancies crowd all other considerations off the stage. But does this justify leaving young priests, at the beginning of their ministry, in an isolation that breeds depression? Does it justify transferring them ever more frequently (one of our confreres has been in three different places within two years), without giving them a chance to get a start at serious work? And does it justify placing young priests under a pastor who is discouraging, sour, dictatorial, or else so indifferent that his assistants feel that they cannot count on any support in the tasks that face them?

On What the Power of Priests Depends

Let us make no mistake about it: the power of priests to maintain their missionary spirit, once they have begun their ministry, depends to a very great extent on the way they are utilized, whether in isolation or in community.

It also depends on the degree of fatherly interest that they feel their superiors take in them. In some large dioceses, the administration spirit colors everything and takes precedence over everything else—even over the relationship which ought to exist between sons and fathers: between sons who can be free and open, and fathers whose benevolence is full of solicitude.

It is true that we must have administration; but let it be, as an old legal expression puts it, the administration of the father of a family. The priest ought to feel that he belongs to a family and that he is ruled by something more than decrees and statutes. *Dominus regit me et nihil mihi deerit . . . Virga tua et baculus ipsa me consolata sunt . . . et misericordia tua subsequetur me omnibus diebus vitae meae . . .*

The Call of the Religious Community

With good reason all our dioceses are disturbed over the falling off in vocations to the priesthood. Yet religious communities today are attracting more vocations. What are we to conclude? That these young men (for generally it is not a question of boys, but of young, and sometimes even mature, men) are mistaken in thinking their vocation is to a religious community, whereas in reality it is to the diocesan clergy? Or that communities resort to

excessive propagandizing and a method of recruiting that is out of order? Perhaps, in the case of one or the other modern community, such a reproach is justified. Perhaps even, now and then, there is a certain amount of self-deception in some individuals' infatuation for the religious life. But it would be a much more serious self-deception to concentrate on such cases and fail to see further into the matter. In fact, the root reason seems quite certainly to lie in the way the young view the life of the secular priest. What the young want, when they are about to give themselves, is to do so completely and thoroughly. They are looking for a priestly life which is one hundred per cent priestly. They take a look around and see the conditions in which many a secular priest is called upon to live. They notice how isolated he is; and, knowing that they themselves are not made of iron, they fear that they could not live like that for a lifetime. It is easy to call them cowards or deserters. Much too easy. We ourselves know many who realize quite well that it is the parish priest who is called upon to fight the most important battle. We know that they would prefer to enter directly into the great work of the diocesan clergy, that at times they have to do violence to themselves in order to embrace the religious life with all that it implies. But they embrace it nevertheless, because for them the development of their priesthood takes first place. When they give their life, their only fear is that some day they may take it back again.

Toward a "Reassessment of Priestly Vocations"

Let us once have a great many parishes where priests may live the communal life in its fullness; let us once see whole dioceses offer their future priests seminaries where they will be formed according to their spiritual needs and their life work; let us see dioceses offer their priests in the ministry the opportunity for apostolic and fraternal teamwork—then vocations to the diocesan clergy will once again be numerous. In a word: give them the possibility, the assurance that they will not be left alone but will be able to count on assistance all their life long, and you will not have to warn them against the seductions of the religious life. For many of them, the secular priesthood will be enough; but, to use a proverb, we must not put the cart before the horse and ask the young to sacrifice their legitimate aspirations in order to further reforms which could be initiated today.

Besides, it is obvious that this work is already being undertaken in many places and that it has already attracted many vocations, as in the case of the Mission of Paris. It is in this direction

we must work—a direction which we would like to call “the reassessment of the priestly vocation.”

Priests with the Charity of Christ

Revolution in a City Parish has occasioned our receiving the confidences of a great many lay people. Most of them, sad to say, struck the same note: “Oh, if our pastor would only . . .” “If our pastor only understood!” “If our pastor would only get into it!” The same plaintive cry seems to go up on all sides. Sometimes it took another form: “I have no one to go to. There are many priests in the city, but I cannot find a spiritual director.” Of course, we must be wary in appraising such complaints. Yet it is also true that when we see the work there is to do, especially when we see how slow is the progress and how sometimes there is none, we cannot fail to reach the conclusion that it is the question of the priesthood that counts before everything else. Whether you discuss the problems of the apostolate with bishops or priests or laymen, with believers or unbelievers, with laboring or professional men, with intellectuals or with plain people, you always come back to the same point, the point with which you must start: “We need priests,” they will all tell you, “many priests; but above all we need priests with the missionary spirit, priests working together shoulder to shoulder and in the charity of Christ.”

ABBE G. MICHONNEAU

Shoes are stiff and clumsy,
Cumbersome the load,
But friends in other clumsy shoes
Help us on the road.



Poor Among the Poor

Following in the footsteps of Pere Charles de Foucauld, the Apostle of the Desert, the Little Brothers and Little Sisters of Jesus aim to live the full message of the Gospels.

The world is in the midst of crisis. There is much talk of peace and there is assiduous preparation for war. We are witnessing the birth of a new civilization which promises through technical and scientific progress, to guarantee worthy and humane conditions for man's existence. It is in this period, fraught for many with trouble and misery, that men and women still feel themselves mysteriously called to live in poverty, prayer and sacrifice—a fact which may appear to non-Christians as a paradox and even scandal, yet to us is only one manifestation of the effect of the Spirit in the world.

New religious Orders are arising today, aiming to meet the changing demands and needs of the period. The Little Brothers and the Little Sisters of Jesus (often called the Little Brothers and Sisters of Pere de Foucauld) belong to such an Order, one which, while conserving basic principles of the religious life, seeks to express it through more adaptable methods and dress.

A visit to the Little Sisters is thus described by Denise Barrat:

Out on the field reserved for gypsies there is a little van just like the others, the sides painted bright blue. One reads on the side, "Fraternity of Pere de Foucauld's Little Sisters of Jesus. Basketry. Chairs restuffed." Like the wanderers whose lot they have come to share, the Little Sisters earn their daily bread by repairing chairs and selling baskets. Like them, they are entitled to an identity card and are subject to police regulations. The inhabitants even go so far as to call them "caraks"—a derogatory term by which they designate the gypsies.

I was recently in this little traveling convent in which the Sisters live, work and pray. A chapel barely two yards square shelters the Blessed Sacrament. Some friends were asking the Little Sisters, "If children come to your van, of course you teach them the catechism, talk to them of Christ, explain religion?"

To this the Little Sisters replied with a negative gesture, "No. You see, that is not our role. If they ask us questions, of course we answer. But we are here just to be with them,

to help them as friends, to be silent, and to carry them in our prayers."

Semi-Nomadic Religious

This vocation of the Little Brothers and Sisters is an investment which expects no return and which requires an absolute purity of intention. Such is the route traced by Brother Charles of Jesus.

"What is needed," he wrote, "are good Sisters mingling with the population and in close contact with the natives. We need Sisters who are 'semi-nomads'." And Pere Voillaume, the superior of the Little Brothers, says:

The simultaneous existence of this universal shaping of charity to the very dimensions of humanity, and of an extreme specialization in private life is the most characteristic sign of a love authentic and without illusion.

Are not these two aspects in effect a reflection of the very love of the Word Incarnate, become one of us at a given moment of history, in view of a redemption surpassing in its universality all distinctions of time and space? Pere de Foucauld teaches us anew to go straight to Jesus, to live for Him in all simplicity, with all our love, after having met Him in the Gospels. He teaches us to simplify our lives and leads us to the essential.

It is for that reason that, years after Pere de Foucauld's death in the desert, Pere Voillaume founded the Little Brothers. In 1939, responding to the desert Father's desire, the Little Sisters of Jesus came into existence. Their founder, Sister Magdeleine of Jesus, left in September of that year for the Sahara, despite the declaration of war. With her was the only other member of the new Order. Their first mission post was at Touggout in 1941 and the first novitiate was then founded at Le Toubet, near Aix en Provence. By 1944 there were six professed and six novices. By 1947 the Fraternity became a diocesan congregation. Today there are nearly two hundred Sisters and numerous postulants. The reason for the growth? Because, say most of them, of Pere de Foucauld, because of this mysterious attraction which he exerts on souls.

Apostles to the Most Abandoned

From now on the most special vocation may answer Brother Charles' mysterious and imperious call to Christ's service, since the very intention of the One who called Himself the Universal Bro-

ther is realized by this extension of fraternities beyond the lands of Islam and across the entire world.

The different fraternities are created in proportion to the vocations and according to the principle of reaching the most abandoned groups first.

"It is better for the salvation of souls to divide up into little groups of three or four, as numerous as possible, than to become more substantial monasteries."

There, according to Pere de Foucauld, is the principle of a fraternity. It is one of the characteristics of the Order.

The Different Kinds of Fraternities

There are different kinds of fraternities. One is the mission fraternity. Another kind is the workers' fraternity, where the Little Sisters earn their living manufacturing chocolate, lamps, rubber goods, or tin cans—wherever they may be hired. There are, too, study fraternities—not that the Little Sisters must give themselves over to intellectual activities, but in general so that they may learn the language of the country for which they are destined. There are welcome fraternities, adoration fraternities—open to all for prayer.

At the present time more than twenty fraternities are already in existence, grouped in three distinct regions and fifteen dioceses: in France, Africa, and the Near East, with three novitiates at Le Tubet, El Abioth Sidi Cheik and, recently Jerusalem.

In Provence the Little Sisters have a fraternity of pottery artisans; elsewhere, as we have said, they live in vans with gypsies; in the Camargue they are shepherds; in the workers' district they are workers; at Lyon they study medicine; in Casablanca they make rugs; in Beiruth they study Arabic; at Bethlehem there is a Fraternity of Adoration; at Khabab there is a Mission Fraternity.

And other fraternities are being formed: the Little Sick Sisters near Lourdes; a Fraternity of Adoration at Pere de Foucauld's hermitage in Beni-Abbes; in Cameroun with the lepers; and still others in Japan and South America. The most impossible becomes possible, when such is God's will. Did not Charles de Foucauld say, "Jesus is Master of the Impossible!"?

Above and Beyond the Temporal and Political

In the Holy Land, on each side of the curtain that cuts Palestine in two, groups of Little Sisters offer their lives: one for their Arab, the other for their Jewish, brothers. Above and beyond temporal and political quarrels, these two parallel fraternities

appear in the Orient as the manifest sign of the transcendence of love that is all things to all people.

This multitude of directions can well be astonishing. This new form of religious life can be equally disconcerting. But as Pere Voillaume says in one of his letters to the fraternities:

How does it happen that an act as simple as that of taking a job and living on wages, because one wishes to be of the really poor, the proletariat—how does it happen that this act, accomplished with love by so many saints through the ages since Jesus lived as a manual worker—how does it happen that such an act gives rise at the present moment to so many problems, to the point where one can no longer try to unite to the religious state an authentic worker's life without questioning its very legitimacy?

However things take place very simply. Just as Jesus was made man among men, the Little Sisters and Little Brothers become Arabs among Arabs, gypsies among gypsies, Jews among Jews, and, before all, humans among human beings.

The Need for Voluntary Suffering

Because there is involuntary misery in the world, people are needed to choose voluntary misery. Because there is suffering, and unaccepted suffering in the world, people are needed to carry suffering, not only behind the high gates of a cloister but at the very site of human misery, where men perish, where they labor so hard that no prayer rises from their embittered lips. In the factory the Little Sisters or Little Brothers are workers like the rest, not seeking to convert their neighbor at the machine, but in the evenings, in their calm and quieting chapel, they bring to Jesus the cares and anguish of those neighbors.

Their clothes are the garments of the poor, in general the clothes of those with whom they work. Only the Sacred Heart in red, surmounted by a cross, distinguishes them. In the chapel the Little Brothers wear the white gandourah, with heart and cross in red, in memory of Pere de Foucauld. The Little Sisters are dressed in blue with short skirts, a kerchief, and on their bodices is a very simple wooden cross on which is etched the body of Christ.

Theirs is the Poverty of the Workman

Brothers and Sisters live in integral poverty, without funds or income. They have only rented houses, sometimes in the rear of a building—two little rooms, one of which serves as a chapel. Hence they are always at the mercy of a disagreeable owner who

can put them out without warning, like any poor family. It is with the money earned by their work that they pay the rent for their lodgings, with a poor man's furniture, poor man's clothes, poor man's food. They are always exposed to unemployment, but they must get along alone and no one will help them to subsist as they wait to find work again. There again they are in the situation of the very poor. Because they are so few in number—since fraternities never have more than five or six members—they do not intimidate their neighbors; they are merely a poor family like the others, and not a powerful convent which the poor do not dare approach.

Because Jesus became the last of all and the servant of all, it is for them to refuse to be served and always to choose the most vile and painful occupations. They go to those whom most of us would pass without turning our heads, because Pere de Foucauld has said to them: "You must go where Jesus would go, to the sheep who have strayed farthest, to the sickest, to the most abandoned, to those who have no shepherd."

Theirs is the Hidden Life

But that spirit of return to the Gospel, of life totally devoted to the service of Christ and His following, seems to go beyond the limited circle of a group spirituality, to answer the constantly deepening need for a life of humble and hidden action, wholly penetrated with love and union with God.

At a time when publicity and propaganda deform the mind and destroy personality, we seek to recapture the sense of humility, of silence, in the life of Jesus at Nazareth—hidden, yet fully effective in God's eyes; we feel for each one of us the same pull which characterizes the vocation of the Little Brother or Sister of Pere de Foucauld, one of whom writes:

Haven't I sometimes felt a friendly discussion of Jesus to be contrary to our vocation, as "Apostolic Action"; whereas it might come easier to us to discuss sports or movies, since our vocation obliges us to "be present" to our way of life? Please understand me, I would like you to feel that profoundly. For me, it is now a certitude, and no one in the world could take it away from me. Look at Jesus and question yourself to know what He would do in your place, since you are His little brothers. The world doesn't need to have us present a new way of life, a new "religious state"; the men who are dying of hunger and thirst because they are far from

Him who is the Life, seek the presence of life. They seek Jesus unconsciously—a person, a divine person who is Love Incarnate. They will seek it in us. It is not the perfect realization of an ideal of life that they seek. The demand is different and much more difficult . . . Never say, "I cannot do that because it would be contrary to my vocation," but say, "I must not do it, because it would be contrary to what Jesus' love requires of me; and it is not in that way that Jesus would act in my place."

A refusal to confine the vocation of the Little Brother to exterior attitudes, because the latter would be as unpredictable as life itself, is the burning motif of this vocation from within by the full institution of the love of Jesus.

BERTRAND SCHNEIDER



**Christ is poor among the poor
Where Little Sisters live.
He serves and wears old clothes to earn
A living love to give.**

The 100 Neediest Cases

Every year during Advent *The New York Times* publishes "The 100 Neediest Cases," capsule case histories from the files of the private welfare agencies. The public is invited to contribute funds for the relief of these unfortunates, which it generously does—this year to the extent of about \$300,000.

The short cases are written in a stereotyped fashion, with an almost exaggerated sensitivity to the human side of the problems, to the psychic and emotional elements. This is our heritage from Dr. Freud. (The case that received the most contributions this year was a young woman whose severe facial disfigurement marred her happiness and employability.) By contrast, there is no advertance to moral considerations at all, although only in two cases is there a suggestion of an immoral solution—once birth control and the other divorce.

It may be useful to observe some things about the 100 Neediest Cases, for they reflect a good deal about our society as a whole.

The Role of the Private Agency

Nearly all the needy in these cases are in a financial jam. Mr. X has lost his job. Mrs. B, with three little ones, has been deserted by Mr. B. Miss Y needs clothes. Someone else needs hospitalization, or psychiatry. However, with the exception of incidentals, such as board while awaiting adoption, or a hearing device or some special training, money matters are not the substance of this appeal. Our Holy Mother the Welfare State already tides over the jobless, supports the fatherless, hospitalizes the ill and puts a roof over the heads of the old. In fact it is rather a surprise to find out how all-embracing this care is.

It may even be that many generous souls are moved to pity the 100-plus neediest cases for their material wants and to send money for relief of these without noticing that such have already been taken care of by public agencies. What the private agency uses the money for is usually found in the last sentence, which reads something like this: "Friendly counseling of a case worker is needed to help Mrs. L realize that there is much to anticipate, rather than fear, in a life with other old people whose interests are similar to her own," or, "But she will need help in re-establishing a healthy relationship with Roy and in dealing with his behavior problems."

Private agencies shifted over from the corporal to the "spiritual" works of mercy back around the time of the big depression when destitution soared way beyond the reach of private philan-

thropy. It was pretty much a case of trained social workers looking for a function, with the help of Freud, and that is why all the social work schools are so profoundly psychiatric. Here is how *The New York Times* put the situation this year:

The State now assumes responsibility for providing the destitute with the material necessities—food, shelter, clothing, basic medical care. But these are not enough. . . . For there are other needs which cannot be met with financial aid alone. These are the needs of the spirit rather than the body, needs intensified by poverty, loneliness, dismay, despair, which only the warmth of friendly personal interest and the reassurance of wise counsel can remedy.

The Neediest Are the Unlucky

Nobody *has* to go to a private agency for help. And presumably nobody really wants to go. Nevertheless very many do go because they are hopelessly confused and bogged down by their own lives and have no one to turn to.

Who are they then, these unhappy creatures? As I read the cases I could see more and more clearly that they were ourselves, you and I, and the man next door, with this difference, that the "neediest" had a piece of bad luck. So often in their histories it mentions the percipitating incident. Mr. and Mrs. K, who were muddling along, though far from leading radiant lives (in a word, like everyone else) were (*unlike* everyone else) hit by a car which jumped the curb onto the sidewalk, crippling and impoverishing them. Or Mrs. H slipped on the ice. Or Mr. X gave up and headed for Texas, leaving Mrs. X and the children. Or the O's apartment house was torn down and they couldn't find another place to live. Or Sally P. had a mental breakdown. Or Mr. Y got cancer and Mrs. Y had to go to work and the Y children became juvenile delinquents. An accident, a sickness, a housing crisis, one little burden too many on some frail shoulders, and the whole house falls down—because it is rotten anyhow.

These are the rootless, the relative-less, the property-less, the unskilled, the wage-earners, the readers of tabloids and seers of movies, the viewers, the women who do not know how to bring up their children and have to do so in the most unnatural surroundings, the couples who come to marriage without traditions or understanding, the women who know nothing about cooking except for the instructions on the Birdseye packages and the recipes on the subway car cards, the old and alone.

Here, in a word, is modern man. He's not terribly much different if he's rich. Loneliness, dismay and despair, not to say

confusion, neurosis and badness, flourish at least as easily among the rich who flock to the psychiatrists as the poor flock to the social workers.

It's a Debacle

The 100 neediest are then ourselves, our neighbors, everyone. They are not some special group of weak or simple-minded. They are not the poor we have always with us. They are average city people who have had a stroke of bad luck. Let some bigger stroke of collective bad luck come along and we'll all get bogged down.

It is important to see them this way because then one can see that our society is, in fact, disintegrating. The mechanization, the lack of order, the absence of roots, traditions, vital religion, property, skill and green trees, is screaming at us, and would seem to indicate how drastic the renovation has to be.

In his Christmas address the Holy Father stated clearly that we would be foolish to hope for a peaceful, stable world based on the present lack of order. A new, stable, right and Christian order has to be achieved everywhere. The "100 Neediest Cases" is a perfect example of what he meant. If these people had roots they would have relatives and neighbors, and if they had relatives and neighbors they wouldn't have to go to a social welfare agency to ask advice about a troublesome husband or child. A spool of red tape wouldn't be needed to get someone to cook a husband's supper on Thursday, or mind a few babies a day or two, or clean a house. If the neediest were trained for marriage they would make more suitable ones and know how to build a family. If they had a vital religion they would not have to have a case worker calm their fears every time the soul made itself felt in a life ruled by distractions, noise, clamor and materialism.

Global Indigestion

So what we are really dealing with is a disintegrating society and not a special problem within a framework which is solid enough. When you really look at the problems social workers are coping with, they merge into the problems of humanity in general in a disordered age, being only specially acute because someone has given up trying or become hopelessly confused.

It follows that these problems are not susceptible of real solution within the framework of organized social work. It is a wholly inadequate instrument at best and this quite apart from any consideration of the goodness or badness of individual social workers or of social work schools. What social workers can do and apparently have to do in this emergency is to unravel some of the red

tape of a complex inorganic society for people who can't fathom the maze of social services which they have to use. This is a necessary evil, a palliative. It is not a highway to the reconstruction of the world.

But because social workers are daily meeting and trying to help solve all the problems of a humanity in anguish, they feel themselves under some obligation to be all things to all men, to spread themselves thin and alleviate everything. It is not by accident that case work, which bites off everything, finds itself chewing peanuts. In a way you might say that social work has shouldered all of God's problems and ends up hopelessly bogged down in trivia.

Things that Are Not for Sale

People need friends, advice, helping hands, spiritual instruction, education, all the things that the 100 Neediest Cases talk about, and more. But you cannot go on supplying these things artificially and inadequately. It won't work, and it's uneconomic.

It won't work because it can't be genuine. Take friendship. "There are a lot of people in the city who need a friend and don't have one," says the *New York Times*. But a friend is someone you have known for years, who shares your background, and interests, who will be around in time of need, whom you can call on. It is not someone who is paid to see you every Tuesday and who will never see you again if she gets a job in another agency. The greatest amount of good will on the part of a social worker will not overcome the fact that she cannot really fill the role of a friend. There is only one way of becoming a true friend without having the normal conditions and that is through an intensity of charity and a complete giving of one's life to the service of people, feeling free, then, to see them when needed, and having no desire or obligation to desert them. But this is the method of Saint Vincent de Paul or the Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality—simple, direct, total, and way beyond the tight little restrictions of social work.

Now, besides being impossible, the reconstruction of society through organized social work is also uneconomic. The best things in life are free, or so God intended they should be. Just as no maid would do for money all the work a wife and mother does for love, so in the long run, priest, friends, neighbors and dedicated people have to do the counseling and consoling and the emergency housework and child care of this world. The harder and more disagreeable the task, the more astronomical the cost if not done for love. The world cannot afford it.

The Organic Approach

Since some social workers are needed to untangle red tape, this article is not to urge the premature dissolution of the profession. But is it not a mistake to channel the most heroic young women into a profession which will frustrate them? And it will, because it is an artificial framework, obliged to operate superficially.

Rather the concentration should be on primary services and on the restoration of the social order to what is natural and Christian—the restoration of marriage, neighborhoods, homes, roots, and the sense of vocation.

Actually the problem does become clearer, even though not simpler, if not constrained artificially within the organized social work frame. Incidentally, what is said here of organized social work applies, many times magnified, to the welfare state. And when I have said that the social work view is simpler, I don't mean it is simpler to do because in fact it is impossible, but it looks simpler. In the 100 Neediest Cases the implication is always there that the K's family problems really will be solved by the counseling of the social worker and that Mr. X's threatened mental breakdown will in fact be warded off by seeing the psychiatrist. Yet people who are close to social work know these cases can drag on for years without being much influenced at all by the consulting, that any conspicuous success is rare and often can be traced to something like getting a job or finding an apartment rather than to the "spiritual" ministrations of the worker.

However, to return to the point, no real progress will be made in solving the problems of a disintegrating society unless we look at them in the large. If people need friends and relatives then they must get roots again, which means owning their own houses and living and working in the same place most of their lives, not being industrial nomads. Yet look at all the energy and money that goes to build huge city housing projects which will always go against the grain of an organic society and which tend to aggravate all the ills of the Neediest Cases. Let us face the fact that there is no enthusiasm for a movement organic-wards and vocation-wards.

Or again, if there are certain things which God intended be done by neighbors then something has to be done to restore neighborhoods. The Catholic Church has an advantage here over non-Catholics because parishes are really potential neighborhoods regardless of the inorganic basis of the civic community, for the supernatural is a strong enough basis of unity to develop communal life on a higher level than the natural, where the natural unity is

lacking. Some work is being done in this direction by Catholic Charities and by parishes but, considering the need, it does seem as though it is proceeding too slowly.

However, this article does not intend to indicate how society will be restored, but only to remind people that this work is the task of the whole Church. It has to be treated at its roots and on a long range basis. Furthermore, this reconstruction has to start wherever one can or is. It does not start with the neediest necessarily, or even probably.

New Forms of Dedication

However, there is another sort of effort which properly should begin with the neediest, and this seems to me to be where really dedicated young women should find their vocation, either instead of going into social work, or as a natural development of an effort at social work. There must be some reason why social workers are always writing papers on "The Destitution of the Negroes in Such-and-Such-a-Place," or "Dope Addiction Among Teenagers," but so seldom leave their profession to clothe and house these particular Negroes or take jobs in hospitals for drug addicts. It may be traceable to the bureaucratic mentality which seems always to be receding from the problems before it, a mentality which will set up a committee or write a report instead of renting a house and taking a couple of people in, or rolling up sleeves and scrubbing the floor. This is not so much laziness or lack of generosity as a sort of paralysis induced by the inorganic, mechanized nature of the system.

It would be natural, if social work were natural, for young women to progress from red tape to primary services, to go beyond giving advice to serving, perhaps in new and very dynamic ways.

Emergency housework and child care, done in a deeply religious and dedicated spirit, could bring more than physical order into confused households, and give the doers the satisfaction that a red-tape, half-dedicated job lacks. Or again, if people who are cracking up need some place to go for a combination of physical and spiritual strengthening, why isn't such a place started?

The more regimented we become the harder it is to do anything in a small group and with personal initiative. Perhaps that is why, with so much generosity around, there are no new, adapted channels within which it can realize itself. But another fact seems to be a general capitulation of Catholics to the mechanized approach. If this is true, would that some courageous souls could shake themselves free and make a pathway into more fruitful meadows.

PETER MICHAELS

Look Homeward Angels

Women have been created for a definite purpose. At least average women. Some gifted creatures hold a message from Heaven and must transmit it. These are artists in every branch of skill or culture. Chosen daughters adopt the religious life. Outside these exceptions a woman's life is centered on the home and family.

In past ages such a goal was taken very seriously, materially as well as spiritually. Girls prepared for marriage. Their souls were trained into acceptance of suffering and obedience to God and husband, in self-denial and heroism. In the practical sense they were taught all that could make a home happy and prosperous. They could sew and mend, clean and cook, tend and nurture children. They were ready for the bridegroom.

Modern thinking has made a farce of marriage. Nothing is taken so frivolously. What cult would admit such novices? What career such illiterates? Of course it would be difficult to revert to old times. Circumstances have changed. Girls marry later because of economic causes. Their families can no longer support them and they have to fend for themselves.

But few women have a passionate bent for typing or selling wares. They take what they can find without choice or pleasure. This is un-Christian and impractical, especially so if the necessity of making a living is not imperative. Many girls take jobs because they do not know how to fill up their time. They really "make money" and nothing else.

Could not circumstances be adapted to fill present requirements? If the children of light used as much judgment as the children of the world, they could possibly find a way out and prepare, in every sense, for marriage.

The Plight of Large Families

Using charity as a candle, let us look at our neighbor. There is much talk about the underprivileged, but have our eyes embraced all of them? What about large families in every station of life? Let us state it plainly—our civilization does not allow for big families. Conditions of mass psychology, housing and earning power are against them. At their highest tide the parents have to be heroes; at their lowest the children are, of a necessity, victims. No human laws protect them. Insecurity, overwork and care are their lot. Sickness or accident become catastrophe.

The problem of help, the modern nightmare of every woman who cannot cope with her work, is without issue in their case. Even though an adequate salary is in the offing, maids and servants will certainly refuse the hard work and hectic atmosphere created by many children.

It is all very well to be shocked by birth control and to fight against it. But that is not constructive enough. Eric Gill has much to say on a Catholic society which accepts passively a form of social economy incompatible with large families.

Perhaps it is good to touch the very bottom and experience the results of folly. After the defeat of France, in the darkest hours of German occupation, laws were made that still hold in favor of large families. For every child born in the first year of wedlock a premium is paid, and for every one after the third birth. Social security, compensation and human help (a hundred hours after each confinement) make the child to come a possible source of unmixed joy. After the fourth child the whole family pays reduced fares on trains, subways and buses. As the family grows, the help multiplies.

Of course one measures how such a proposition would be received here from the opposite camp. Its practical applications may seem farfetched, but they ought to be in the back of the mind of every Catholic politician worthy of the name so that one day the seed may be sown.

If this situation is not a general source of anxiety in this country, it has come to the attention of many thoughtful and charitable people. A lay apostolic movement for women is giving it much consideration. A plan for training girls in view of Christian marriage is developing. This training, after the practical courses, would be exercised in sending girls to help out large families in emergencies.

Individual priests and Sisters meet this suggestion with enthusiasm and are helping with advice and prayer. Better still, this vocation has sprouted in single hearts. Girls have, on their own, begun this apostolate which works both ways—in charity to one's neighbor, by encouraging Christian principles, and in charity to oneself, by laying the foundations of a well ordered and useful life.

As all these separate initiatives become aware of each other it is to be hoped that they will crystalize into a definite organization. The motive for this suggestion is that it has already been tried in France on a nation-wide basis. It has given more or less successful

results, depending on competency and zeal, but it has been tried and it works.

Help to Mothers

About twenty-five years ago a Catholic association was founded in Paris under the name "Help to Mothers."* It spread to every town of importance. Thanks to this organization, a mother faced by a crisis can telephone for assistance and in a short time a girl will arrive to help her meet it. The frame of the organization is the following:

A fund-raising committee is formed. Money from this takes care of office expenses and a part of the girls' salaries. The second step is to find one or several able and truly Christian executives. Upon them rests the whole weight and success of an ideal employment bureau. At one end they will have to cope with the demands for help, deciding upon the individual urgency and resisting sob-stories. At the other, they must choose reliable girls, be held responsible for them, use discrimination in matching the girl with the family in need. Paragons of charity, good sense and firmness, they also need tact.

The financial arrangements are rather subtle and ask for discretion, and delicate handling. The families reimburse the bureau on the basis of their incomes. Consequently, they pay from nothing to a normal wage. The girl-helpers get a salary in most cases. Exceptions are those who come from well-to-do families as volunteers. This, of course, helps balance the budget.

It is urgently required that all arrangements should be kept secret. No one but the executives should know which family pays and which does not—or which girl gets a salary and which does not. Above all, the girl and the family she serves must remain in ignorance of these facts. Thus smugness and humiliation are avoided.

In certain towns a home for the girls is included in the plan. There they go after their work is done and it helps to insure their moral safety. One of the rules of "Help to Mothers" is that girls only stay a short time in each family, and never spend the night there. This avoids many complications. If exceptions are made they must be motivated by a very urgent reason and judged with the greatest prudence.

The girl-helpers must have Red Cross and child care training. Also required is a knowledge of domestic science for they must be prepared to take over the responsibility of a household. The commonest emergency is a new baby or a break in the mother's health.

* Association Parisienne d'Aide aux Meres de Famille, 12 rue Chomel, Paris.

Both need more than efficient help—more important are infinite tact, self-effacement and considerateness. How easy it would be for a young, healthy, rested girl, with bright new clothes and a gay manner, to show up a tired, dispirited mother whose raw nerves and aching body are in danger of cracking under the strain. The children would be delighted by the novelty. The husband might make unjust comparisons.

No false humility is needed. Real beauty, either of body or of soul, is nobody's enemy; only vanity is dangerous. A study of the household and its problems must be the girl's first anxiety. She must remember that she has come to help in the very best sense of the word which is not efficiency *per se*. Wise and Christian advice from the executives will help the girl realize this.

"Help to Mothers" was an inspiration of the middle classes. As time went on, with the war and its scars, poverty increased alarmingly. Simultaneously, for a number of reasons, the birth rate increased. Out of the necessity of the moment, another organization saw the light. From the M.P.F. (Popular Family Movement),* a branch of the Workers' Catholic Action, emerged the "Social Helpers."**

Happiness for Others

Though the framework and general lines are similar, this association differs widely from the one we have just described. The first is above all practical, the second above all spiritual.

The Social Helpers are girls who have generally reached 25 and who decide not to marry. It may be for very different reasons. Some girls do not meet this "man in a thousand" that makes life take a new meaning, and they are too idealistic to compromise on any marriage. In other cases he is met, but he does not love them. Death may take him away from others. And then there are women whose vocation is to make others happy rather than themselves. These are the girls who become Social Helpers.

Their aim is not only to rescue a household in an emergency—they hope and pray to found a new family if that is really the fundamental need. Not only do they teach inexperienced mothers and housekeepers how to keep a well-ordered home, but they teach them what a Christian home can mean. They pick up the burden of care and sorrow, solve the problems as best they can. It is when joy makes its timid appearance, when God is accepted or rediscov-

* Mouvement Populaire des Familles.

** Les Auxiliaires Sociales.

ered, that they leave. They have no home of their own, no earthly roots. They are family missionaries.

It goes without saying that they have a much greater technical experience than the other Helpers. A spiritual preparation is of course necessary in their training.

Some other girls, independently, choose to go out and help their own friends and relations in need, instead of hunting for a job. One we know is so pleasant and competent that she is constantly in demand. She has dates ahead for every new baby in the family and her sick friends keep her hanging on her telephone. And she finds it infinitely rewarding to comfort their minds and bodies. The common bond of affection is stronger and this novel way of visiting pays both ways.

The Gift of Self

It is very fitting that so many virtues should be asked of these helpers. Heroism must be matched by courage. No doubt when a girl stands on a strange doorstep, ringing the bell for the first time, she can count her heart beats. The first hours or days can prove very trying. If the mother is away, the situation may be bewildering; if she is in the house, she may be difficult and critical at first. The children may be unruly or cowed. In any case, lots of love and humility are needed from the newcomer.

But she will perhaps reflect that these virtues are not lost as they would be on distracted shoppers of a mechanized bureaucracy. Peace and order restored, little bodies fed and clothed, bruises bathed and broken hearts comforted, produce a glow of warmth. Through her, a wearied mother can rest body and mind, a harassed father work in trusting confidence.

Great friendships can arise from so many secrets shared, so many burdens halved. A strange language—the flicker of an eyelid, a swift smile exchanged—builds a complicity of its own. What gifts are hers to shower! The mother who has given up her very life, every second of her time, may become herself again. She may know, once more, briefly though it be, the luxury of thought and book and the joy of a vanishing cloud. She may pick up her mirror an instant and try to look her best. And in ideal cases, perhaps a jaded man and woman may become fresh and new in their relationship. What gifts indeed, what gifts!

But she who gives also receives. Nothing is more broadening or fulfilling than human experience. Life in large families, if exacting, can be rewarding. There are different fashions of being underprivileged. The discipline of small means, large numbers and the constant rubbing of temperaments, generally create a

family atmosphere of unselfishness, imagination and personality. A helper will not find on Christmas evening, for example, a solitary little girl surrounded by doll's deep-freeze and electric gear, crying because she has nothing to play with. Instead, she may witness a play or a puppet show, put together with strings and rags and written by an authoress of nine. No money or luxurious space could evoke such screams of joy and fear as would ring in the crowded little room from the small audience. She may catch the looks of wonder that light up little faces at the sight of a new baby, the rough gestures repressed in awe of this fragile doll that can really be hurt, the angular little arms cradled in tender care. Above all, she will hear the words, "my mother," or "my father" falling from rosy lips in tones of respect and faith. For those who assume such great responsibilities assume them at every second. Children with wide-opened eyes are quick to sense this total gift of self.

Experience of Married Love

Experience will also come in the field of married love, so different from courtship with all roses without thorns. Here thorns scratch and tear, but they do grow upon roses. She may witness some scene like this:

In a family gathering, the subject fell upon temptations after many years of marriage; some thought they were inevitable, at least fleetingly, for men. A handsome, well-preserved man, the father of eleven, broke in serenely. "It never has happened to me," he said, "for my wife is the most beautiful woman I know." Startled glances traveled from a group of young and pretty women to the one enthroned in a big arm chair. Her streaked hair, lined face and sagging body told their tale. But a beautiful, humorous smile lit up her weary features. "Don't break the spell," she whispered. "God is very good to me."

In truth the man saw the lovely, radiant bride he had chosen as experts see a masterpiece, though disfigured by time. Beauty of a certain order cannot disappear but grows on the onlooker, whose tenderness adds what an enraptured audience can give to a great play.

Thus the girl would approach marriage in the Christian sense, without fear or prejudice and with a full training of heart and mind. She might not attract or be attracted by the superficial men of her acquaintance, but she would draw the eye of the one who really counts. After a look at a woman's face, a man will glance at her hands—perhaps the most revealing members of the human body. The helper's will look like neither claws nor jewels,

like cruel or useless things. They will be firm and warm and outstretched towards other hands in need, worthy of the eternal little gold circle and of the pains and joys to be clasped upon two hearts.

The Social Helpers, neither Sisters nor wives, but a lovely cross between, will fulfill a vital mission of dedication to other human joys and griefs than their own. They will assist the family body and soul. The bane of the unmarried woman—solitude—will not be theirs and no one will think of them as old maids. They will be the second mothers of everyone.

American Girls As Helpers

It has been said above that the idea of helpers is not new in America. It has been done in individual cases and worked most successfully. American girls, with their competency and sense of organization are ideally made for it. Their lack of bashfulness would also be a great help. American women would make great executives in the organization bureau. And thus many forlorn adventurers might find their proper niche again.

It is clear the impulse to promote a further development will have to come from Catholics. This we say not from smugness or sense of superiority. We are no better than others. But we have the great traditions of our Faith. From its history we know that the seeds of deep Christianity lie in large families. This is not in the fact of large families itself—that may be accidental—but in the will, in the acceptance of God's gifts. Deep Christianity needs Catholic parents to accept for their beloved a rationing of material comfort so that one more soul may go to Heaven. To help them share their burden means partaking of their mission on earth. This is a beautiful career and should be met with open heart and arms.

This idealistic view of large families has a deep significance. Even if some children are in this world because of the most primitive of reasons, they *are* here at least by the permissive will of God. A generous girl will put love and courage in the little ones who lack them. If she cannot respect a purpose, she will respect the suffering, that great teacher. Her magnificent job will be to turn this suffering to some goal, to convert it into merit.

The hour is grave and America is threatened—as is the whole world—in its most precious treasure, its youth. The American child is slowly being killed before he reaches life—that same American child who appears to be among the most intelligent and gifted in the world.

In another way, too, he is being stifled. An extraordinary woman, a teacher of mathematics, who lately escaped from Russia after twenty years of close contact with its youth says that the parallel between the educational systems of Soviet Russia and modern America is appalling. Her words were closely echoed on the lips of an American Catholic woman, a well-known and courageous writer. Her experience was founded on a survey she had been making after the revolt of parents against progressive education.

The answer to this is Catholic families who will say no to all forms of evil, and accept in everything the will of God and His Church without ruse or compromise. It is up to them to evolve spiritual current full of strength and youth to combat temptation to anything else. But they must not be left alone to despair and discouragement and perhaps failure. Their children must not suffer too much for the courage of their parents. There is a definite role for the American girl-helper.

Wise virgins, take up your lamps and go to meet the Bridegroom with lights of love.

ANNE TAILLEFER



Light bulbs for idea men
Should be 100 Watt.
But haloes for the humble souls
Are brighter, like as not.

The House That *Caritas* Built

It had been an unusual and refreshing experience for me, on previous visits to New Orleans, to dial a number, and to hear a pleasant voice answer the phone on the other end with the pleasant greeting: "Caritas!" That was the trademark and the symbol for Caritas House, an original and daring experiment in the interracial apostolate in the Deep South.

My chagrin was great when, on my most recent visit, I dialed the familiar number only to have the rasping voice of a special operator interrupt with the announcement that the party had moved away. My momentary puzzlement deepened to indignation as I pursued the investigation. I discovered that the original Caritas House was no more. It had fallen a victim of racial prejudice in the Deep South's most progressive city.

Caritas House had been born at the start of the Church Unity Octave in January 1950, the brain-child of Dr. Bertha Mary Mugrauer, a mild, modest, but positive teacher of Catholic sociology at both Xavier and Loyola universities in the Crescent City. Dr. Mugrauer, a native Philadelphian, had conceived the idea during her years in training for the doctorate at Catholic University. She had served her apprenticeship in the lay apostolate at Fides House in the slums of Washington. There she had become imbued with a sense of the urgency for the direct apostolate of the permanent, institutionalized type.

Beginning in an Interracial Neighborhood

In New Orleans for her first teaching assignment, Dr. Mugrauer seached for a likely location in an interracial neighborhood where Caritas could be established. She found a vacant half-cottage that had formerly been used as a neighborhood barbershop. Renting the four rooms of the frame house at its commercial rate, she hopefully opened its doors as a center for meetings and discussions. There her students from Xavier and Loyola might gather for a concrete application of what they were learning in their segregated classrooms.

The students enthusiastically welcomed the unique project. Both boys and girls from the two universities pitched in to clean up and paint the dilapidated house. Furniture, food and kitchenware came in from generous donors, among them Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Ryan of Xavier and the Commission on Human Rights of the Catholic Committee of the South. Neighbors helped with the loan of knives and forks. One of the faculty at Loyola secured the money for the purchase of an icebox.

By the end of the first week, Caritas House was ready for its mission. The liturgical house blessing was bestowed by the assistant pastor of the nearby colored Catholic Church of Saint Joan of Arc, Father Daniel J. Sheehan. From then on, lay participation in the liturgical life of the Church became a feature of the activities of Caritas. Each of the meetings was concluded with the group recitation of Compline. Liturgical decorations appeared on the walls. Apt citations from the current liturgy were printed and posted in conspicuous places about the house. Grace before and after meals became a full liturgical function. Caritas became a center for training in dialog Mass and in other liturgical ceremonies.

Meeting on Common Ground

As a discussion center Caritas presented weekly lectures at the Saturday evening meetings and the Sunday night forums. Faculty members from the two universities, young diocesan priests, and prominent laity were signed up to lead discussions of the theology of Catholic Action, the meaning of the lay apostolate, the implications of the Mystical Body, especially as these had bearing on interracial relations in New Orleans. Attending one of these discussions, I found an eager group of intelligent, religious and cultured Negro and white students meeting together on common ground, submerging differences in the wider unity they experienced as Catholics and as intelligent discussants. They seemed hopeful and optimistic about a new awakening of Catholic consciousness in the midst of a cultural atmosphere that was built on compromise and evasion of plain Catholic *caritas*.

Other visitors were equally impressed with the verve and the spirit of the new center. Girls from Grailville, pilgrims from Friendship House, itinerant Young Christian Students, and other lay apostles dropped in to share in the creation of a genuine atmosphere of Catholic lay action and to accentuate the deep religious approach to the social enigmas of the area.

Holy Week in the first year was a memorable one. Oscar Boise, a gifted Negro teacher at Xavier, led a deep discussion of the problem of suffering in the Negro poets. Next day, Holy Thursday, the staff and the students visited the repositories of nine nearby churches. In the evening there was a paraliturgical ceremony of the Paschal Meal, with all of the psalms and ceremonies of the Hallel Ritual, all performed in the serious spirit of the day. Tenebrae later in the evening at the Cathedral climaxed the day's devotions.

Christian Festivity

Next week, the most famous of Caritas visitors was entertained in fitting fashion. Bishop Kiwanuka stopped off in New Orleans on his tour of the country. He was given a public reception in the Holy Name Parish auditorium before a mixed audience. But there was no restaurant of note in town at which he could be given a banquet. Caritas House extended an invitation to him for an interracial luncheon. The bishop graciously accepted. Then began the furor of preparing for the event. Bingo tables borrowed from Saint Joan of Arc Parish became banquet tables at Caritas. The Blessed Sacrament Sisters at Xavier loaned their long tablecloths for the occasion. When all was in order, the bishop and his secretary, together with other members of the clergy and a mixed group of laity, sat down to a friendly interracial banquet as guests of Caritas. The smiling and diminutive bishop impressed all with his deep simplicity, his sincere holiness, and his pleasant manners.

After this, unofficial approbation on the part of the Archdiocese of New Orleans was not long in coming. The meetings and events at Caritas House were thereafter announced in the archdiocesan paper, *Catholic Action of the South*. The staff and the students became a parish fixture at Saint Joan of Arc's, helping the pastor with parish activities such as catechetical classes, first Communion ceremonies, weekday dialog Mass, and other parochial functions. More than forty of the local clergy visited the interracial settlement house during the first year of its existence. It seemed well on the way toward becoming a recognized institution in the Church life of the Crescent City.

The Beginning of Trouble

But already there were rumblings on the horizon. Complaints were made to the landlord, who dwelt in the other side of the duplex cottage. Neighbors protested against his renting for interracial uses. The landlord however defended the staff. He was a foreign-born Italian who did not agree with the racial prejudices of the other neighbors. As a Catholic, he thought Caritas had a right to exist.

Neighborhood gossip and opposition increased among the whites. One of the Caritas neighbors threatened to call the police to raid the interracial meetings at Caritas. At this juncture, a Loyola faculty member went to the police and explained the aims and activities of Caritas. As a result, the police called on the obstreperous neighbor and warned her about disturbing the peace herself.

There were brief efforts at picketing the house during the first summer. The flare-up however died down. None of the pickets did more than stare and glower.

The first intimation of serious trouble occurred when Dr. Mugrauer asked the landlord to make the improvements in the house that he had agreed on when she signed the lease. The roof needed repair. The floor had holes to be sealed. The temporary partition between the two sides of the house needed replacement to insure more privacy. Dr. Mugrauer and one of the staff workers were living in one of the back rooms, sharing the poverty of the neighborhood as in Fides House. The draughty house was a menace now that winter was approaching.

Enter the Economic Factor

The all-powerful economic factor entered the picture when the landlord refused to make the repairs, and the case was referred to the rent control office. The wheels of bureaucracy were set in motion. Forms were sent to the landlord asking him to explain the high rent. When his explanations proved inadequate, the office of rent control ordered him to refund more than three hundred dollars of excess rent collected. That set off the explosions. The landlord in a spiteful spirit of revenge decided to drive Caritas out.

His wife circulated a petition around the neighborhood to demand the eviction of the Caritas staff as a public nuisance. Within an eight-block radius they secured signatures of more than one hundred and fifty people, many of whom had never even heard of Caritas. Without mentioning the money issue, the petition centered on the race question, winning opposition to Caritas only because it conducted interracial events.

More annoying was the landlord's campaign of intimidation and obstreperousness. He made use of every conceivable method of disturbance to keep visitors away, to disrupt the meetings, and to frighten the staff.

One evening in January 1951 Monsignor Bezou, the superintendent of Catholic schools in the Archdiocese, was the lecturer. Next door, the landlord, who operated a radio and TV repair shop in his front room, turned all of his radios on to fill the house with static. Moreover, because the fusebox was on his side, he blinked the lights off and on, and finally blew the fuse. Caritas simply lighted some candles and proceeded with the discussion.

At another meeting, while the meeting rooms were filled with listeners, a brick was thrown through the back window, smashing both panes and scattering glass through the house. For-

tunately, no one was injured. But all heard the landlord rush to the phone and call the police who threatened to arrest the whole group if the neighbors' complaints were justified. But an understanding was reached and police were hired to protect future meetings.

Meanwhile, the nights were rendered sleepless for the staff by the maddening antics of the landlord. He played his man radios loud even beyond midnight. He rose at 2:00 A.M. to play his trumpet and to shake the house to its foundations by jumping up and down next to their bedroom wall. He threatened to break down the connecting door and come in to molest the two girls. One night he loaded his shotgun and crept around to the bedroom window to fire it into the air and scare the life out of them.

Bearing Wrongs Patiently

The boys from Loyola and Xavier were in favor of retaliating in kind. But Caritas prevailed on them to bear wrongs patiently. Nothing was done to counter the nuisances. They therefore multiplied. Garbage was thrown on the front steps. The telephone wires were pulled out and disconnected. Finally, on Palm Sunday, the shelves containing all the jars and cans of food and paint were upset on the back porch. The jars of fruit, the bottles of vinegar, the paint and turpentine containers were all smashed.

Later in the week news came that a lawyer had been hired to file an eviction suit. Some of the university faculty were in favor of fighting it as a test case against the segregation laws in the state. But Church authorities decided that Caritas House should move rather than precipitate further scandalous behavior on the part of the neighbors and in the courts.

Soon after Easter, another location was found just a few blocks away. The staff was preparing to move in when the new landlord was informed by the old of the nefarious intentions of his prospective tenants. He cancelled their lease. Finally, a temporary abandoned apartment was secured as an interim shelter for Caritas. There until the excitement subsided the staff lived quietly for a few months, regrouping forces, evaluating the program, and planning for the future.

Toward Better Sacrifice

Instead of abandoning the project, the staff continued to search for a better site and a more realistic program for coming to grips with the basic conditions underlying the race problem in the neighborhood. The overemphasis on the intellectual apostolate of discussion was recognized as a not-too-sound approach to

the issues involved. The philosophical and analytical talks about race and slum conditions represented a mere finger-tip contact with the people enmeshed in the dehumanizing toils of the combined economic and racial factors operating against their religious aspirations. Too often a sense of smug satisfaction resulted from these long gabfests, and they tended to inhibit rather than induce corporate and individual action that required real sacrifice in behalf of the lower and middle class people of the neighborhood.

When the new home was found for Caritas House, a shift in its emphasis became apparent. More time and energy were given to the Negro parish work, to neighborhood visiting, to catechizing the children of the parish who are scattered through the six public schools of the area, and to doing medical and social casework for families who are delinquent physically, financially, or spiritually.

Other parish activities are also being continued and developed. The Mass preparation group is going ahead with a goodly number of Negro and white parishioners jointly participating. About forty to sixty join the Caritas group for their dialog Mass on Saturday mornings. The Thursday night block rosary is drawing more of the Negro parishioners to attend than ever were induced to meet with the upper class Negroes from Xavier who came to the former location for discussion sessions.

Toward a New Caritas

Thus with a more conscious parish-orientation, the new Caritas House has been resurrected after its brief passion and crucifixion in its former location. Caritas has been patient, kind, seeking not her own, not provoked to anger; she bore all things, and endured all things. It may be that providentially the purifying effect of the sufferings endured will be more manifest in the future. Perhaps too the courageous example of the patient Caritas staff may draw more vocations to the "lay institute" that Dr. Mugrauer hopes to form after the model of the now famous lay nuns of the continent. As a mobile and zealous team of apostles, the Caritas group, if it is reinforced with many more able and self-sacrificing cooperators, may be able to achieve a measure of Christianization in the field of its chosen labor. Thus far, the foundations have been laid. The *vivi lapides* have been fired in the crucible of suffering. The superstructure of Caritas House is in process of erection. The Divine Architect and Builder, in His good way, will see it to completion.

REV. ALBERT FOLEY, S.J.

BOOK REVIEWS

Lay Spirituality.

GOD IN OUR DAILY LIFE

By Hilda C. Graef
Newman, \$3.25

FOR MEN OF ACTION

By Yves de Montcheuil
Fides, \$3.00

Here are two books which are addressed to lay people and which deal with the urgent business of striving for sanctity. The first, written by an English laywoman, and the second, written by a French priest—spiritual director and chaplain of Christian militants—approach the problem from

different directions. *God in Our Daily Life* (without any disparagement intended) might be termed a "How to" book, and for the most part it attempts to deal with the practical concerns and concrete personal problems of how to become holy. *For Men of Action* treats the nature of the Christian vocation, the Christian's call to sanctity, and his mission in the temporal order, on the profound level. Its author is not so much concerned with the individual's personal problems in striving for union with God as with discussing the fundamental principles of the Christian life and the truths to be kept in mind as the Christian struggles for the realization of his apostolic mission. For Father Montcheuil,

Our desire for the apostolate is not, therefore, a little thing born in us, coming from us, which would be developed between us and the individual whom we should like to reach. So long as it is nothing more than this, it is not a desire for the spiritual apostolate. No, it must be the echo, a share within us of that immense aspiration of the Church to become fully Catholic, to achieve her essence, to make her action the equal of the life with which she feels herself quickened. That is why the desire for the apostolate is inseparable from the Christian life. It does not appear only at a superior level of Christian life. It is not a luxury for the few. It is the necessary expression of the Christian life.

Father Montcheuil's work appears to be directed mainly to young people who desire a vital Christianity. His remarks on the Mystical Body, on the relationship between the hierarchy and the laity (he explains particularly well the Christian's duty to be submissive to authority, and yet ready to take the initiative in the reform of the temporal order) and on the need for asceticism are especially enlightening. It may be a mere personal preference, but I prefer the first chapters of the book to the concluding ones. To me it seemed easier to come to grips with the subject. This book, as I should have mentioned previously, was not written by Father Montcheuil in the form in which it now appears, but is made up of notes and material given at conferences and gathered together after his death. Perhaps this fact explains the lack of continuity in thought which is sometimes noticeable.

On the other hand, Hilda Graef's book seems to get better as it goes on. I found myself in violent disagreement with some of the first part entitled "Our Everyday Life." She does not seem as intent on helping her readers develop a Christian sense and a Christian conscience on such sub-

acts as work, recreation, and so on, as in keeping them free from any unusual or fanatic behavior. Her remarks on work and her solution of the industrial problem are facile and unconvincing. In a chapter on dress her concern is to assure women that they should not be dowdy, and I was quite amazed that she advises the safety of following the fashions with the implication that the only standard for Christian modesty is the customs of the particular age. My surprise at all this was greatly lessened when I remembered that she is addressing herself to English women who are known for their dowdiness, and in a succeeding chapter on "Pitfalls for the devout" it became apparent that she is talking mainly to a type of middle-aged pious women and keeping in mind their particular faults and needs.

Miss Graef is at her best when she is writing about the perennial truths of the Christian life, and about problems and pitfalls of the interior life which recur in any age. Her book is a help to become holy in the world *as it is*; it does not particularly inspire one with any great desire to transform it. That is not to say that this book does not have value. Miss Graef's discussion of prayer and its difficulties, of spiritual direction, of penance and of trials, is all very sound and sometimes remarkably discerning.

DOROTHY DOHEN

Middle-Aged Mr. Blue

DAN ENGLAND AND THE NOONDAY DEVIL

By Myles Connolly

Bruce, \$2.50

Dan England talks a lot in this book. In fact it's all Dan and his talk. Any-

thing else—characters, story-incidents, settings—merely inspire and sustain Dan in his one-man, long-distance conversational junkets.

But it's good talk. I mean, you live in a sort of hell of a world; you're rugged or crushed or bored or infuriated by the way "civilization" is substituting "life" to its own mechanical pattern; in your littleness and aloneness you may even have a melodramatic nightmare sense of our world rushing helplessly to its destruction. And then, for a little while, in a moment of night reading, you enter the dream world of Dan's inspired monologues. You breathe an exhilarating Christian air. You are given a brief vision of time in eternity. Christ, the Church, the power of redemptive Love saving mankind, embracing the whole universe, become real and present to you. You sense anew your own grandeur and key-role in the past, present and future of the human story, and are uplifted.

For that reason you are happy to have read it, and don't mind too much if after all the book is mostly talk and really very little story; or that Dan England himself is something of a fraud, a literary "stiff"; a sort of out-size and warmed-over Mr. Blue who talks the golden ideas of Chesterton and Belloc in lively language supplied by the author.

In case you care, and I do but not very much, the story as story is inferior because it lacks the depth and substance of life. A character story is supposed to justify its existence by portraying life. If instead it gives you the reactions proper to a series of fascinating essays, that is not to its credit as a story. Dan as an authentic character should belong to what he says and does and should be sustained by an adequate plot. But the plot is weak and contains improbabilities, and the sayings and doings

attributed to Dan, you feel, are the property of someone else, probably the author. These defects, which amount to an absence of creative ability needed for the writing, mar for you the otherwise excellent effect of the book.

A word about the noonday devil. He's the ache of futility in Dan's spiritual innards, Dan's *bête noir*. Dan's trouble is he can't bring himself to *do* anything. He can squat and talk and encourage his digestion with good wine, but that's all. Possessed of the good news of the Gospel, living in a period of gravest crisis when every manjack for Christ should be up and doing for the cause of God and humanity, the best Dan can accomplish is a Big Blow. At least that is the way he feels, and it drives him first to melancholy and eventually to a rather unrealistic escape, presumably in search of martyrdom behind the Iron Curtain. This conflict between Dan and the noonday devil is spurious since unfortunately Dan really isn't anybody at all, but the idea behind it is real enough. Inertia, mediocrity, a presence like death laid over and all but suffocating the Christian spirit at work in the modern world, this noonday devil is all too familiar to many of us. He is in us as well as in our circumstances. His influence is a mark of the absence of the special grace needed by our world for the accomplishing of the Restoration. That the preparation for that accomplishment is going on in those who suffer and pray and thirst for justice we have reason to hope.

As a final word, the defect in the book isn't too important. Here is good easy reading, light, pleasant, stimulating, eloquent, every page warm with an awareness of God and the urgency of His Love. You ought to try it.

M. G.

A Family Tapestry

WHERE NESTS THE WATER HEN
By Gabrielle Roy
Harcourt Brace, \$3.00

Inevitably the comparison with *Maria Chapdelaine*, the classic of French-Canadian literature, comes to mind in reading

this book, as the publishers said it would. Here is the same country setting, lovely in summer but cold and desolate in winter. In this story it is the Province of Manitoba rather than Quebec, but there are the same close family life and ties, the same yearning and vision of the future. Here is possibly the family of *The Tin Flute* (a book by the same author and a Literary Guild selection of 1947) before it has become proletarianized, in the Saint Henri District of Montreal. Here is the mother—the universal mother, or perhaps particularly the French-Canadian mother—venturing from the loneliness of her island home to bring each of her little ones into the world, and then returning with her precious bundle as a gift to the family. There is her planning and achieving their education, a story in itself of which one would like to know more—what becomes of the children who so easily caught the flame of their mother's ambition, going out into the world to become priests, doctors and teachers.

Parallel with the life of the Tousignant family, but crossing their path only once a year for an annual visitation, is the life of the Capuchin priest, Father Joseph-Marie, who could only be a product of the Canadian

West. Although born and educated in Europe, he is formed by his hard missionary's life (of which he loves every minute). It is a life where twenty languages are not enough in dealing with his two or three hundred widely scattered parishioners. It is one where he becomes by accident a fur trader (to protect his half-breed charges from the exploitation of the local tyrant), one in which he preaches his sermons with a care not to offend those outside his fold who, lonely for the formal worship of God, wander in as spectators from time to time. (One of these even becomes his organist while staunchly remaining the sole upholder of Presbyterianism in the district.) The priest's sermon at the annual, very mixed, gathering at the Tousignants, in which he used the wide variety of birds to be found in these places as illustrations of the various types of souls in their search for and flight towards God, is a narrative gem.

Here is another Gabrielle Roy. If some regret the bittersweet of *The Tin Flute*, most of us will rejoice that she found another theme for the sort of tapestry she weaves so well—leaving impressions that linger in one's memory, the kind that must come from a precious heritage of her own and from which we hope she will draw more and more. Here perhaps is the most mature talent to be found in contemporary Canadian literature, leaving most of our novelists far, far behind. The translation is excellent.

ELIZABETH FRIEL

Diatribes

S.O.S.: THE MEANING OF OUR CRISIS
By Pitirim A. Sorokin
Beacon Press, \$2.50

Harvard sociologist Pitirim Sorokin in the 1930's did some analyses of the modern crisis

which were quite accurate and have stood the test of time despite his use of rather barbarous terminology of his own invention. This lately published sequel is a sad illustration of what can happen to prophets without roots. Professor Sorokin has taken to ranting. Most of the book consists of one long verbose torrent of invectives and accusations against all the people who have messed up the world. The culprits include virtually everyone.

Although Sorokin appeals to the Divinity he doesn't like churches much. He seems obsessed with the idea of pacifism and by implication smiles only on gentle people who love instead of hate, and who wouldn't hurt anyone. But as so often happens with people whose benevolence comes from a softness in the head or a weakness in temperament rather than from the burning charity of a Saint Francis, Professor Sorokin is almost a monument of hatred, as witness this book.

Besides the tirade the book contains an analysis of his Law of Polarization, which states heavily some fairly obvious truths—that crises produce extremists in both directions and that the extremes repel, attract and slip into one another. There is truth here but far from the most important truth the world is awaiting. On the level of this sort of sociology men can only burst their brains for a very meager understanding. I commend Professor Sorokin to dogmatic theology as a more fruitful source of understanding of the world, also a more peaceful and hopeful one.

CAROL JACKSON

The Greatest Love

OUR SAVIOR AND HIS LOVE FOR US
By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.
Herder, \$6.00

Thomist scholar Garrigou Lagrange in this, the most recently translated of his long line of impressive

theological works, employs the Angelic Doctor's treatise on the Incarnation as his principal source from which to extract the stepping stones to the fact that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. . . ."

In his preface the author speaks of two pitfalls to be avoided in such a presentation. One is the over-attention to minutiae that clouds the stairway to faith which is, after all, as he points out, "far superior" to theology. The other is the lack of solid doctrinal foundation that mars (indeed, often results in misrepresentation) the so-called pious books, the "popularizations" found among best-sellers.

In cutting a straight path between the two, Garrigou-Lagrange puts forth his purpose as one "to invite interior souls to the contemplation of the mystery of Christ."

I do not think his success is to be doubted. Part I is a consideration of our Lord's interior life in relation to the mystery of the Incarnation. Part II is concerned with that life in relation to the mystery of the Redemption. Through them both, attentive readers will be aware of doctrinal wealth as well as incentives for pause and reflection. This is particularly true in the chapter which reconciles Christ's freedom of will and His absolute impeccability.

Probably the most interesting chapter in light of present day events is that which saw the coming and going of Simone Weil and of simultaneous raised eyebrows and "I saw her with my own eyes" assertions on Theresa Neumann is the last, "Mystics Outside the Church."

Can there be mystics outside of the Catholic Church? What is the foremost prerequisite? The answer to the first question—yes—and the answer to the second—the state of grace—point up another bit of dogma that the author labored to be explicit: the state of grace, inside or outside the Church, is no half-way measure. Every rational creature chooses either to face God or turn his back on Him. The former disposition is the state of grace, the other is the state of mortal sin.

In other words, even the major mystical graces (as described by Saint Teresa) can attend to those outside the Church. But does such a thing happen often?

Well, says Garrigou-Lagrange,

Let us not forget what Saint John of the Cross says even of the most restricted Catholic circles. "God does not raise up to contemplation properly so-called all who desire to attain it by following the way of the spirit. He does not take even half of them." "Why do they not reach this lofty state? . . . [Many souls], as soon as God tests them, flee suffering and refuse to bear the slightest dryness and mortification." If this is true within the visible Church, how much truer must it be on the outside!

As for the minor mystical graces, it is encouraging to note, considering the state of half the world today, they "can occur rather frequently . . . as a means of making up for the indigence of the environments where God's children find so little help."

Those who consider themselves students on the temperaments will find the chapter, "Our Participation in the Mysteries" colorful fuel in their discussions. Holiness, says the author, takes three rather distinct forms, based on the temperament of the individual. They are personified by the three Apostles, Peter, John and James. They are manifested by the duty to know God, the duty to love Him and the duty to serve Him.

Peter represents those who would trip over themselves in showing love, who would be crucified head downward for Him. Their pitfall if not docile to the Holy Ghost can be rigidity, tenacity and obstinacy. Their zeal is not sufficiently enlightened, nor patient and gentle enough. Some of them may turn too much to active works at the expense of prayer."

John represents a second group made of those in whom the intellect, rather than the will, dominates. "Their spiritual flame produces more light than heat." Their pitfall is to be content with knowledge rather than conform to the truths.

Then there is James who represents the majority of Christians faithful to daily duty. Their pitfall is in becoming too attached to practices that are good in themselves but do not lead direct to God. They like local prayers.

The author did not go into the fact here that John was the disciple whom Jesus loved; nor that the keys to the Kingdom went into impulsive hands.

CAROL DAVIS

Introduction to the Old Testament

UNLESS SOME MAN SHOW ME

By Alexander Jones
Sheed & Ward, \$2.50

With his pleasing style and expert knowledge, Father Jones presents us with an introduction to the Old Testament that

will delight and enlighten any reader who has felt the desire to become acquainted with this record of God's earliest dealings with men.

The author first tackles the problems of the inspiration of Sacred Scripture and the interpretation of the Old Testament. Then, selecting certain books, he illustrates the notion of literary forms as applied to the interpretation of the text. Facing the great difficulties of the early chapters of Genesis, Father Jones gives an interpretation that goes as far as the present directions of the Biblical Commission will allow.

In a fittingly serious conclusion, the author considers the problem of the Jewish people and their destiny even in our times.

Perhaps a word of warning is desirable: while Father Jones can support his particular interpretation of a book or a passage with his own knowledge and the authority of other scholars, the use of the literary forms theory cannot be applied by the unskillful without great danger. As an example, is the author's method of interpreting the book of Jonas valid for any of the other minor prophets? Only the expert could give the answer. Hence, Father Jones's book is a valuable, though limited, contribution to the literature on the Old Testament.

J. V. C.

INTEGRITY - 41

Education by Advertisers

THE MECHANICAL BRIDE: Folklore of Industrial Man
By Herbert Marshall McLuhan
Vanguard, \$4.50

"A whirling phantasmagoria can be grasped only when arrested for contemplation. And this very arrest is also a release from the usual participation."

Professor McLuhan has attempted to arrest the whirling American scene in a picture book for contemplation. The pictures are of advertisements, comic strips, and magazines. He has short comments on each one which are packed with stimuli for thought, at least for those who see the deep-seated error in our technological heaven. This book is to be placed alongside Juenger and Gill as a penetrating analysis of the failure of technology.

Have you been called negative? The professor says: "It is too early to be constructive when the habit of inspection and diagnosis has been reduced to the present low point." He threatens to start a quiet revolution if his readers will only adopt his spurs toward inspection and diagnosis of the sea of triviality around us.

The thing goes on because we all accept it with too quiet desperation. We feel that we are trapped "in antisocial situations which are too big for (us). Cynicism becomes (our) private refuge." We are caught in the whirlpool and are so far gone that, according to the professor, we may as well as a desperate amusement adopt the method of Poe's sailor. He studied the currents of the maelstrom because he thought himself doomed and found a way to cooperate with them and save himself.

Certainly, at a time when the works of practical men add up to insanity, it is time for impractical men to look things over. Thus we get truth from the artist, Gill, the poet, Juenger, and now the professor, McLuhan, who as the jacket says has been a contributor to literary magazines. The fault of most of us is to be tinkerers and try to trouble-shoot the machine in which we are caught. We try to rearrange the same parts to construct our own private utopias. The key is in testing the compatibility with the nature of man, and the nature of God's plan for man. The only way to do this is to probe into the undercurrents, the hidden connections, as professor McLuhan has done, to see what you might call the unconscious of the machine, the accumulating effects of the whole mess which no one wills.

His thesis might be summed up as: "The truth will make you free." We can all get at the truth if we choose such guides, open our eyes and use our intelligence.

His analysis points out that most of us are trapped in the squirrel cage of the success drive. We are all trying to be "downtown quarterbacks," to "love that strait jacket." We go along in the daily grind in a state of trance and passivity. We wear blinkers when "critical vision alone can mitigate the unimpeded operation of the automatic."

McLuhan's contemplation of the ads shows how the ladies are bound up with the love-goddess assembly line which is the female counterpart of the male success-drive. He shows how the great outpouring of studio and ad agency is an enormous unofficial system of education that dwarfs the official one. It reflects our only "native and spontaneous culture." As he

also says: "The curriculum now wistfully tags along behind the ad industry."

I can give in evidence the report cards which my daughters used to bring home from a Catholic girls' high school which rated them on a list of phony qualities which were said to be in demand among employers. Now six months after one of them was graduated comes a questionnaire which asks the graduate to relate her business experience so that the Sisters may bring the curriculum more into line with the requirements of the world of hiring and firing.

Mention must be made of the chapter titled, "The Mechanical Bride," from which the book takes its name. It is a discussion of the effects of technology on our sex mores. Throughout the book are many other sex allusions. I am not competent to judge whether some of them might be tagged as Freudian, but on the whole I think he handles this theme very well and I think it is highly necessary that it be discussed. The question is a difficult one but it should not be left to the Kinseys to kick around on account of a misplaced Catholic reticence. Incidentally, I do not know whether Professor McLuhan is a Catholic, but certainly most of his thinking is in harmony with what I consider a Catholic attitude. Catholics should find a way to face the issue of sex in a holy and natural clarity.

He points out that sex as everything else becomes more mechanical and that our concern with cleanliness betrays a contempt for the body, and goes well with the other unnatural inclination toward birth control. The professor's book is certainly not for children and if we are going to face these issues squarely there must be a certain frankness.

While he does not mention it, Catholics are guilty many times of placing married love in a strait jacket by the mechanism that they laughingly call Rhythm.

Another of the things that McLuhan emphasizes is the failure of vocation among the elite; the absorption of better minds in the success-drive. Many as he says, deliberately freeze areas of the mind for the sake of success or the pleasure of group solidarity. He points out how many executives dehumanize themselves to boredom and then are able to work furiously to drown the boredom. Anyone who has been in business or industrial life can witness this frequently. It is the travesty of true work, the incessant activity which is used almost as a narcotic.

One who has attempted to taste of culture can also bear out his charge that "the successful despise anyone who pauses long enough to acquire mental content." To them the intellectually creative are "floperoo's."

Who has mentally rejected the system and yet through circumstances not readily changeable remained in it? The professor says: "In practice everyone is intellectually and emotionally a patchwork quilt of occupied and unoccupied territory. The price of total resistance like that of total surrender is still too high." God bless those who have paid the high price.

Already I have seen the word negative used in relation to this book. If we could only follow his positive ideas! The baneful effects, he says, of the flood of triviality depend on its being ignored. Let us not, he admonishes, be adjusted to our environment as the pollsters would have us.

"Either we penetrate to the essential character of man and society and discover the outlines of a world order or we continue as flotsam and jetsam on a flood of transient fads and ideas that will drown us with impartiality."

These are but a few of the ideas which are packed into this book. They could lead each of us into doing a small part by "inspection and diagnosis" of the tripe at our elbow, using what we have of universal truth. Professor McLuhan could be a great help toward that summa for our times which was suggested by Cardinal Suhard.

JOHN C. HICKS

Carmel Close-up

THE SPIRIT AND PRAYER OF CARMEL

By Francois Jamart, O.C.D.

The Newman Press, \$1.00

What is Carmel? To most of us it is a montage of unusual persons and vague, ro-

romantic scenes. Contributing to such a picture have been a biography here and there of its great mystics, a well-proportioned drama of the martyrs of Compiègne, an ever-present statue of the Little Flower, and interesting program notes like Edith Stein. All generate an interest and a certain awe, but they are not Carmel *in toto*. After all, there are innumerable Carmelite houses in Europe and America (not to mention mission fields) and there have been Carmelites to fill them since at least the 12th Century. Not all have been Saint John of the Cross, Saint Teresa, Saint Therese, Constance, Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity or even Father Gracian.

In a booklet that anyone can read in a couple of hours, Father Jamart has coordinated this loosely-joined series of impressions into one clear close-up of Carmel's aim, spirit and kind of prayer. Brief though it is, it leaves a concrete idea, and although the saints are certainly the star performers, one is very much aware of, in Hollywood parlance, the great army of bit players. (And as every student of Hollywood knows, some bit players make the grade and some don't.)

The Spirit and Prayer of Carmel sets forth the ultimate aim of the Order (with its two branches, Calced and Discalced) as infused contemplation. As this is purely a gift of God to give to whom He chooses, it looks on the surface as sort of a precarious goal. But, says Father Jamart, the Carmelite knows the value of correct disposition. He knows, in the words of Raoul Plus, "God never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity." Creating that correct disposition, then, is Carmel's immediate aim.

Father Jamart is not the most inspiring of writers, but he is clear-cut and uninvolved. He quotes Holy Father John of the Cross and Holy Mother Teresa (as the Carmelites refer to the founding mystics of the Reform) with true filial fidelity and gleans from them, principally, seven acts in the Carmelite method of prayer. For the benefit of those interested in prayer methods (the author has a thesis that the word "method" has scared many away from anything but pure petition) those acts, or steps are: Preparation, reading, the meditation, contemplation (not to be confused with infused contemplation), thanksgiving, petition and conclusion.

But it is Holy Mother Teresa herself who wraps it all up neatly with, "In any case, the important thing is not to do a lot of thinking, but to love much!" (The exclamation mark, naturally, is hers.)

CAROL DAVIS

Growth of the Sacred Community

CALVARY AND COMMUNITY:

The Passion and The Mass

By M. Harrington

Sheed & Ward, \$4.00

This is not "a book on the Mass" in the usual sense. Rather it is a portrayal of the growth of the Sacred Community and its worship of God from the dawn of

creation to the time of Christ. The Sacrifice of the Mass itself receives formal treatment in the last part of the book—but purposely so—as a fulfillment of all that has gone before. The broad scope of the author's work covers philosophy, Sacred Scripture, Christian doctrine, and the Canon of the Mass. At times the book approaches the style and method of Father Farrell's *Companion to the Summa*. At other times it reads like a mere commentary on a textbook of philosophy or theology with an admixture of personal applications.

In an effort to make clear, explanations are often labored, numerous objections are answered, and very little is left to take for granted. This gives certain sections the flavor of a schoolbook, too didactic a style, discouraging perhaps to the general reader.

The author is at her best when she is writing on the Church as the bride of Christ and as the new Israel. Most beautifully she portrays the Sacred Community expanding from the Jewish nation to the entire world. Even in formally treating of the Church as the bride and the body of Christ, she does not lose sight, through the use of types and parallelisms, of our Jewish forebears. How suffering humanity is linked with the Sacrifice of Calvary, how the Eucharistic Body of Christ builds up the Mystical Body of Christ—these important points are not neglected. One wishes that the sentence on the top of page 256 which touches on the heart of the Mass, had been expanded into an entire section or even a chapter. A reading of certain of Dr. Parsch's writings would have made this possible, as well as have given the reader a simpler grasp of the meaning of the Mass. The writings of Father Scheeben, Dom Winzen, and others which one would have liked to have seen listed and consulted are also missing in the appendix.

It would be interesting to know the reaction of this book upon the educated prospective convert, upon one for whom it would serve as a first introduction to the Christian faith.

REV. E. H. MUELLERLEILE

Vow of Obedience

RELIGIOUS OBEDIENCE

By Ferdinand Valentine, O.P.

The Newman Press, \$2.00

Of the many books about Religious Obedience, Father Valentine's book is by far the most modern in its forceful exposition of the century-old

principles of obedience and in the awareness of the problems it involves. We feel a master who has met these problems, and who points to the solutions of these problems by recalling the supernatural character of this virtue and the necessity of a healthy mental growth among the religious by community discussions.

The title of this book will cause many a layman to pass it by. But those who are in any way connected with the apostolate of Religious, who

are interested in understanding a type of higher spiritual living, will derive great profit from the study of this book. They may fail to understand fully the supernatural aspirations of the Sisters, but they will at least look more kindly upon them as too often they may give the impression of immature mental growth, of the inability to think for themselves, of being bound by traditional ways of thinking that are antiquated and old-fashioned.

The bulk of the book is intended for Sisters who live under Obedience, but there are many pages that will be of great profit to the Superiors. Supernatural obedience is not a one-sided matter; the instructions and the example of the Superiors are required. Father Valentine may shock some Superiors by his insistence on the mental growth they should foster among the members of their community, on the mature grasp of spiritual and religious life by free and open discussions that are not to be considered as a revolt but as the searching for truth and for supernatural ideals. Without sacrificing the basic principles of religious life, there is the necessity of seeing and accepting the good of certain modern things. Hence is the value of community discussions to accept the new insofar as it is in harmony with the old.

The Religious usually finds no difficulties in the matter of Obedience during her early years of religious life; they appear later. And when they do, there is no other solution, no other means of retaining or of re-acquiring inner happiness than by a full hearted acceptance and living of the supernatural character of this virtue; the acceptance of the supernatural rulership of Christ through a legitimate Superior, out of love for Christ, for the sake of Christ. As far as this reviewer knows, Father Valentine is the only one to make an exhaustive study of the problem of the surrender of judgment in obedience, showing not only the spiritual value of this virtue, but also the psychological harm done by interior criticism. An integral Catholicism cannot be lived without a strong spirit of Faith; an integral Religious Life is impossible without the supernatural outlook on Obedience as given by Father Valentine.

REV. JOSEPH LAMONTAGNE, S.S.S.

"Outside Is the Night"

WHAT CATHOLICS BELIEVE
By Josef Pieper and Heinz Raskop
Pantheon, 336 6th Ave., N.Y., \$2.00

Not only the Creed but the whole Catholic Church is reeled out in slow motion in this little publication of which Father Ger-

ald B. Phelan of the University of Notre Dame in his introduction calls "a simply beautiful and a beautifully simple book."

Its emphasis is on the Church in its primary essence, an organism, rather than in its secondary, an organization, upon which so much, too much, emphasis is put these days.

The result is a tendency to say: "Here it is. Here it is in a nutshell. This is what I've been trying to tell you about the Church!"

But such exuberance doesn't fit in with the quiet assuredness of the writers, one of whom, Josef Pieper, is Germany's leading lay apostle. With deft percision they "strip" for their readers not only the Creed, but the seven sacraments, the theological and cardinal virtues, scripture, Church history—well, everything, in little more than a hundred pages.

Here's a sample:

Nor, we must admit, has there ever been a time in the life of the Church when she did not also show the effects of the human element in her. . . . There have always been, and always will be, weeds among the wheat, chaff mixed with the grain; but the Christian does not let this confuse him. He knows that in the future as well as in the past these things are possible: unworthy popes, unworthy bishops and priests, an unworthy body of Catholics undeserving of the name of Christian. But all this does not threaten, let alone destroy, the holiness of the Church, in which "the Holy One of God" (Mark 1:24) continues to dwell. At the same time, our Lord's warning still stands: "It must needs be that such hurt should come, but woe to the men through whom it comes!" (Matthew 18:7).

You see? It is such calm conviction that rules the book from beginning to end. Every Catholic can learn from it; even if only its spirit.

CAROL DAVIS

BOOK NOTES

Come and See (Bruce, \$2.50) means pretty much what it says. It's written by a nun of the Cenacle, a semi-cloistered community which invites lay women to retreats. Mother Devereaux bases her book on Saint Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises. . . . God is Friend as well as Father, Brother and Lover, and another Bruce book, *God's Friendship* (\$3.50) proves it compassionately. It's a translation of the work of the Spanish master of asceticism (and contemporary of Teresa of Avila), Luis de la Puente, S.J. . . . Father Martindale has finally gotten around to that book of essays on women saints which he promised years ago. Called *The Queen's Daughters* (Sheed & Ward, \$3.00), it says self-sacrifice, prayer and an apostolate combine to make their common denominator. The "daughters" include the first recorded (Blandina) to Mother Cabrini. . . . The apostolic nature of the priesthood is the angle hit most persistently by a collection of writers—bishops, priests and lay persons—in the new anthology *The Greatest Calling*, edited by Rawley Myers (McMullen, \$2.25). Contributors include Bishop Sheen (who says "A priest who does not strive to spread his faith is a parasite on the life of the Church"), Father John A. O'Brien (who insists upon a greater apostolic and cooperative spirit between priests and laymen), and Catherine de Hueck Doherty (whose intense love for priests speaks for most lay apostles). Obvious by its absence, however, is an article on the role of the contemplative priest. Regardless, the book should be a real incentive for young men to "Come follow Me." . . . Those who have special reason to be concerned (doctors, lawyers, priests and nurses especially) will be interested to know that Sheed & Ward has a pamphlet on artificial insemination (*Artificial Human Fecundation*, 35¢) by the moral theologian Henry Davis, S.J. It's pretty technical, giving all the moral angles with legal implications. The Church is against this practice (except that which is really "assisted natural insemination"), for those who didn't know. . . . *The Wind and the Rain*, an English quarterly edited by Neville Braybrooke, is anxious to get more subscribers. It is more on the literary side than *Integrity*. It's \$2 a year—address, 47 Earls Court Road, London, W.8, England.

OUR WRITERS

ABBE MICHONNEAU is a pastor in the suburbs of Paris where he revitalized two parishes by his missionary (apostolic) techniques. His first book, *Revolution in a City Parish*, discusses his methods and the reasons for them. The sequel, of which our article is the first chapter somewhat condensed, criticizes some of the misunderstandings of the original idea, most of which have resulted from a too-mechanical an effort at parish transformation. Hence the title of the second book, *The Missionary SPIRIT in Parish Life*. FATHER FOLEY is a Jesuit sociologist especially interested in Negro problems. BERTRAND SCHNEIDER is one of the most active young men in the French lay apostolate. ANNE TAILLEFER is the pseudonym of a very charitable French woman now living in America. FATHER LAMONTAGNE is working in Albuquerque. ELIZABETH FRIEL lives in Moncton, New Brunswick. JOHN HICK is trapped in a Detroit factory. DOROTHY DOHEN works with the New York lay apostolate. FATHER MUELLERLEILE is stationed at St. Peter's Church, Mendota, Minn. J.V.C. and M.G. are Religious hiding behind initials.

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Thirty-one essays on the devil, covering his personality, activities (including possession), lies, love of violence and essential helplessness without the willing co-operation we are so often ready to give him. He is most dangerous when unknown and undoubtedly will dislike this book intensely. 525 pages. Illustrated. \$5.50 Feb. 15



RETURN TO CHESTERTON

by **Maisie Ward**

About the man himself, rather than his books. The author interviewed literally scores of people who knew him well—a barber, a taxi-driver, dozens of children, his hosts in America, a string of secretaries. The book is full of remembered laughter but there are also some very interesting glimpses of Chesterton's too well concealed spiritual life. Illustrated (mostly by Chesterton). \$4.50 Feb. 22

ST. BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE

by **Agnes de la Gorce**

Whatever else you miss this Spring, be sure you read this biography of a saint who lived in such apparent misery and who was so full of joy. The author sees him as a forerunner of the "displaced persons" of our day. \$3.00 Feb. 22

THE PEOPLE'S PRIEST

by **John Carmel Heenan**

A blueprint for the life of a parish priest by one of them—the author was not yet a bishop when he wrote it. It was written for priests, of course, but it won't hurt any of us to realize what a high ideal our parish clergy are trying to live up to. \$2.75 Feb. 15

THE VOICE OF THE IRISH

by **Blanche Mary Kelly**

Irish literature from pagan times until now—showing from what deep roots the present Irish literature renaissance grows. \$4.25 Feb. 22

The February-March TRUMPET will be about ready when you read this and will contain much more about these books and the rest of our Spring list. Ask **PIRIE MACGILL** to send it to you: it comes free and postpaid.

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